

Shattered ways

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Summary: - STORY DISCONTINUED - Just a quick shot before going to sleep. One of these night when I sit and really, really wanna write something! I thought that I'll continue another HL fanfic I wrote in Polish but no. Here's a short that obviously needs at least a short continuation.

1. Chapter 1

Shattered glass went down on me. I managed to cross my hands above my face, praying in this split second that it wouldn't cut my throat. I heard Alyx scream and someone pulled me away from the glass debris zone. But it was a bit too late. I felt a horrible, horrible pain. I thought I've lost my ear.

Despite general confusion and Advisors attack incoming, I wanted to get up and fight, even weapon-less. even without the crowbar. Last Combine I chopped to death, must have kept it in his head.

"Freeman! You are the Freeman, yeah?!" Asked me some blonde woman, with not a very smart tone. It was the very first redneck person I've encountered since getting off that damn train in City 17.

I must have given her even a dumber look. She didn't seem to care that my ear is bleeding and I can barely stand. I tried to stop my ear from falling off and check if maybe glass has cut any of the other important parts. Damn helmet... It's never available when needed.

"Here, grab this!" She handed me a crowbar and I was just too stunned not to accept it. "Huh? Why don't you move, huh?! Freeman?!" Her tone was obnoxious and I had just enough of this.

"Where is Alyx?" I shouted, trying to ignore the noise of upcoming alien fleet... "Where the hell-"

"Alyx ran away with the rest of the group. You see that ruined wall... Down there?" She pointed in the obvious direction. The place where everything would end up, just a mile or two away. Behind a ruined buildings of the shipyard. Probably with snipers just taking their positions right now..."We've been cut off, thanks to your bravery, genius!" And she spat on the ground.

Wha...I felt even more lightheaded and could not figure if maybe I'm dreaming now, lying on the ground, punctured by glass. I looked at her again and everything went a bit blurry. Was she just a hallucination?

"Gordon!" Shouted Alyx again, trying to regain at least a minimum contact. With anyone... She was obsessed with him, and it was pretty clear, that he either died, shattered to pieces, or, what was most likely, he somehow managed to survive.
>And is all alone again. With the biggest fucking flying fleet of mentally disturbing, larvae shaped Advisors. She hated them! She hated them so much and feared that they're the ultimate weapon against death-carrying, divine Gordon Freeman...<p>

to be continued...

2. Chapter 2

"Aaarrrrghh..." I heard a muted moan that sounded surprisingly like my own voice.

>I panicked suddenly and got up abruptly, not even knowing if I can do that. I could.<p>

The main wall of the building we had been approaching collapsed, as in my delirious dream. I moved my head to take a better look and hissed. My ear really got hurt but to my huge relief it was nothing like in my vision, more like a big scratch. Wait...

Where's the glass? It took me about half of a minute to realize that someone indeed pulled me away from this hell of windows falling down altogether with the already ruined wall. But I was almost surely alone among the debris. I closed my eyes for a few seconds. If there were any other people... I felt too numb to feel empathy and look for their bodies. I didn't desire to find any of the Combine soldiers either.

The horizon in front of me was displaying a delicious sight of portals ascending and receding. Recreating themselves, melting away and creating new anomalies. Everything drawn on the darkening sky background. Appearing so not-belonging-to-this-world.

How long has it been since we came back from Borealis? The hell we've unleashed from the board has been reaching its peak. Finally.

But I was late for my very own party.

Alyx cursed and took a glimpse at the place they had left, or more like they had to run for their lives. Now she'd to climb a high cliff of destroyed and cracked walls, bricks, pipes and rarely, furniture. No sense in returning to save Freeman. "Save the Freeman!"

"Huh!" She laughed bitterly and followed the safe route the spies found for them before. Most of Combine forces were having much more serious problems than chasing after mentally disturbed physycist with a crowbar. Or his companions...

Still, she knew that snipers never sleep. And still, she was horribly aware of Advisors following them, like unavoidable shadows. Alyx could sense them all the time, every once in a while experiencing a dull mental paralysis.

>She took a deep breath and gripped her gun tightly. She knew the mission objective. down in her jacket's pocket was the thing. She herself and Gordon, took one of each, just in case one of them would not... not... She squeezed unwanted sandness under the eyelids, for later.<p>

Constant roar coming from above was playing on everybody's nerves.

To be continued...

3. Chapter 3

In fear of being spotted, even during this heavy conflict among alien forces themselves, Alyx kept on almost crawling. As close to the wounded grounds as possible, hands shaking and feeling everyone's eyes on her.

>No one was there. Scattered team could be dead already.
She squeezed her eyelids, suffocating the awful feeling of... that he could just be...

She gasped and moved on. The "safe" path kept on leading in between old shipyard facilities, of what used to call itself a shipyard a long time ago.

>Alyx felt relieved, seeing that most of ruined constructions could not be a good observatory point for snipers.<p>

And all major forces seemed to focus on the roaring whirl just about a mile away. Comparing to the Citadel explosion, this was so much more. Sky iself kept on plunging and gushing in and out, being torn apart by unnatural forces of the Portal.

Skies were going mad, yet not even a gentle wind could appear. Not a sound, except the constant roar and penetrating murmur. Everything withing its circle was completely... dead.

Except herself.

I tried to do my best to get down and reach Alyx as fast as possible. The edge of the just created cliff made me a bit anxious. It was a freaking steep crater and I'd have to walk at least a few miles through the debris field to get to a nicer passage down. Damn!

I understood that the Combine just dropped the biggest bomb they had and quickly moved back to their strategic positions.

I could not understand how they could possibly not try to kill me

this first time. It must had been hell out there.

I laughed and then I just... slipped. Reaching in panic for any grip, I hung on an object that protected me from ultimate splash on the ground below. No, H.E.V. does not protect from such a fall.

Breathing heavily I managed to pull myself up. Those muscles did not appear out of nowhere. I've never been in such a good shape before. Still I wish I could eat better.

I sat on a ledge that used to be some supporting element and saw the obvious. My crowbar saved me.

"Damn!"

And then the familiar sound of a hunter reched me. It freezed my eyes and my breath for a second. It was saying it wanted to kill me. Shameless stomping. Stomp, stomp, stomp. I felt everything shaking a bit.

It seemed there is only one. I checked my way down. If I jump now, maybe H.E.V will manage to make me so high on morphine I'll somehow survive?

I crouched as much as I could on my narrow seat, calmed down my breath and listened. They are rarely quiet when feeling stronger than you. Mean stomping continued. It was walking from my left to my right, somewhere above my head.

And it stayed there, purring and squeaking. It hurt my ears as usually. I felt desperate and stretched my arm slowly to grab the crowbar. Maybe I'll manage before it sees me... I grabbed the end of my weapon and pulled, wobbled a bit to make it loose.

Something detached from the debris and it heard me. I forced my arm to pull out the damn thing out, even if I had to tore it apart!

Hunter immediatelly moved closer to the edge. I could feel its scanner searching for me. It started laughing at me.

Finally! The crowbar got loose. I grabed it and took my defensive position. Nasty metal limb tried to reach me. Damn creature did not know what to do. I was surprised. It seemed so confused that I looked around again, desperately seeking for a safe way down.

I wish Alyx was here.

End
file.